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THE WITMARK STAGE PUBLICATIONS

The Hired Girl's Dream

Novel and Original Playlet for
Children or Grown-Ups

IN ONE ACT

BY
CHARLES
NOEL DOUGLAS

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87 Witmark Bldg.

New York

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By
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PUBLISHED BY

M. WITMARK & SONS

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
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SYNOPSIS

Bridget, a hired girl given to dreaming and to the destruction of dishes, and disgusted with her position in life, shows her displeasure by abusing the furniture, pots, and pans, or any article intrusted to her care. One evening after the dishes are done, Bridget, unusually tired and disgruntled, falls asleep and dreams that the much-abused kettles and cans, etc., appear before her in a body to decide upon the vengeance they threaten shall overtake her.

One of the greatest novelties known to the stage, this little playlet is brimming with interest.

Duration of Play: Thirty or forty minutes.

Time: Present.

The scene is laid in a kitchen of the ordinary type. No attempt at scenery is necessary. A plain sheet stretched across stage or parlor will suffice. A large number of characters are introduced, so that a great many children or grown-ups can take part in the presentation of this piece. On the other hand, the piece can be given by a small cast, omitting the speeches allotted to some of the kitchen utensils and household furniture. Any one of average intelligence can adjust this, and the play will be in no wise injured by this pruning. Particularly where plays are presented by school children, a large number of characters are usually desired, and for this reason a great many characters have been introduced into "The Hired Girl's Dream." The policeman and Queen of Bad Dreams are the only characters that need to be costumed. Bridget can be played neatly or as a slattern, at the performer's discretion.

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U. N. Sept. 11, 1911

THE HIRED GIRL'S DREAM

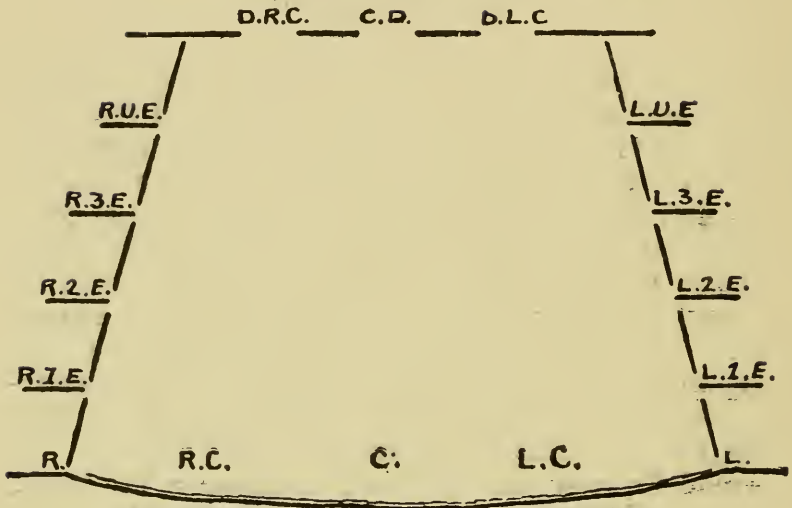
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DIRECTIONS

Those portraying kitchen utensils and furniture can wear a piece of cardboard suspended from the neck by tape or string. On each cardboard or sign, the character represented by the performer can be printed in bold black letters. A professional company would be able, of course, to costume the characters of chair, piano, stove, etc. For home or school entertainment this would probably be impossible. Some of the performers may, however, be ingenious enough to manufacture articles of papier-mache, to represent the characters, and thus heighten the realistic effect of the production. It would be easy, for instance, to make a tea kettle that would fit on the performer's head, likewise a frying pan, mirror, knife and fork, potato masher, etc. These and all other articles could be made in miniature. This is left to the discretion of the performers.

NOTE.—The acting rights of this playlet are expressly reserved by the publishers, to whom theatrical managers and performers who wish to produce it should apply. Amateur representation may be made without such application and without charge.

DIAGRAM OF STAGE.



AUDIENCE.

- L. 1. E.—Left first entrance.
- R. 1. E.—Right first entrance.
- L. U. E.—Left upper entrance.
- C.—Centre of stage.
- R. C.—Right centre of stage.
- L. C.—Left centre of stage.
- C. D.—Centre door.
- D. R. C.—Door right centre.
- D. L. C.—Door left centre.

CHARACTERS

BRIDGET	A hired girl given to dreaming, and to the destruction of dishes. In love with Mike.
BEDELIA	A waitress, Bridget's rival for Mike's affections.
MRS. SLAVE DRIVER	Bridget's mistress. All that her name implies.
NIGHTMARE QUEEN	The evil sprite of Slumberland.
OFFICER MALONEY.	In love with Bridget. Divided between love and duty.

Representatives of Parlor

CLOCK	Given to striking.
PIANO	Upright and tony, but often unstrung.
MIRROR	Given to reflection.
STOVE	Sporty and fond of going out nights.
MORRIS CHAIR	A chair with a grievance, sat on as usual.
FOLDING BED	The butt of lying people.
LAMP	Addicted to smoking.
PICTURE	That objects to being hung.
CARPET	Enslaved and trodden underfoot.
LOUNGE	Objects to set-tea.

Representatives of Kitchen

KETTLE	A vocal expert, given to singing.
ROLLING PIN	A high roller.
PLATTER	All broken up as usual.
KNIFE AND FORK . . .	On edge and desirous of cutting their friends.
FRYING PAN	With an objection to hot fat.
POTATO MASHER . . .	On the mash.
BROOM	Ready for a clean sweep.

The Hired Girl's Dream

At rise of curtain, Bridget is discovered in center of stage, with a rolling pin in her right hand, a plate in her left, and a dish towel thrown over her left arm. At the back of her is a kitchen table and chair. While Bridget is talking she can polish the plate with the towel, placing the rolling pin under her left arm while doing so, or on a chair. She can breathe on the plate as if trying to get an extra good polish, occasionally sneeze on it, and give it a rub on her hip. One's sense of comedy will suggest a great deal of funny business that can be produced with the aid of the rolling pin and platter during Bridget's somewhat lengthy speech. If Bridget is a talented actress her speech will not be too long. If this character is represented by a person of mediocre ability, the speech can be cut to half its present length without injuring the performance.

BRIDGET.

A hired girl's life is a pretty tough lot,
Standing all day o'er a range red hot.
Broiling a steak or cooking a stew,
With the temp-erature a hundred and two.
Oh, this hustling pots, and juggling pans,
Is tough on the Bridgets and Mary Anns.
They say that we reign in a world serene,
The uncrowned queens of the soup tureen.
I'm Empress of frying pan, skillet, and pot,
And a lot of other nonsensical rot,
Alone in a world, that no one approaches,
Realm of toil, and grease, and roaches.
I did have a friend, he called me his pearl,
But he threw me down for the upstairs girl.
'Tis a subject I prefer not to broach,
As it tugs at my heart—oh, drat that roach!
(Hammers floor with rolling pin)

Honest, them things, they give me a fright—
Thought he'd dodged me, but I soaked him, all
right.

*(Picks roach off rolling pin; throws
it on floor and stamps on it.)*

We've millions of these, and Missus, oh, my!
Kicks 'cause she finds them in soup and in pie.
As if such trifles was cause for a kick.
Honest, them Missuses make me sick.
Her kicks I scorn, and say, as I face her,
I'm not engaged as no cockroach chaser.
The things they expects of a hired girl—say,
Would turn your hair white in a single day.
If a burglar's hid upstairs 'neath a bed,
Bridget grabs him, and gets pumped full of lead.
When folks come with bills, it's really a crime,
It's "Missus is out," though she's in all the time.
The bulldog bites me, and I drop like a log,
Then they swear the bite has poisoned the dog.
Here let me confess, and don't think me rude,
There ain't an inch of me Fido ain't chewed.
They're too mean to feed him, consequence he,
When rav'nous and hungry, dines off of me.
House full of comp'ny, I'm turned out of bed;
I sleep in the sink or the ice box instead.
I've heard it remarked, at least so I think,
'Tain't healthy to sleep with your head in the sink.
While there's so many roaches, this much is true,
There ain't room in the sink for them and me, too.
And, talking of food, the Missus is mean,
One lamb chop does as a meal for sixteen.
When dinner is o'er, Missus says—this is true—
You can have Fido's bones when Fido is through.
At polishing bones, say, Fido is deft;
When Fido gets through, there ain't very much
left.
It's toil, toil, toil, naught but slav'ry; oh, dear,
For sixteen a month, and one day off a year.

When the china I've smashed, it is docked from
my pay,

There ain't much in wages a-coming my way.
Folks think we've a snap; but say, at a pinch,
The hired girl's life, bet your life, ain't a cinch.

(Yawns)

I can feel that tired feeling begin to approach,
I was born tired and sleepy—drat that roach!

*(Makes swiipe for roach with rolling
pin, hitting the floor several times, and
running hither and thither)*

Got him, you bet—my, but didn't he fly;
There's one roach, at least, they won't find in the
pie.

If Mickey, the cop, hadn't gone back on me,
In a home of my own, perchance, I might be.

(Cries and brushes tears into plate)

Never thought that plate would catch tears of
mine.

(Rubs plate vigorously)

Well, nothing like tears to make a plate shine.

Roaches in millions round them could tear,

Dishes stay dirty for aught that I'd care.

Sleep day and night, that's all that I'd do.

And work? *(Yawns)* well, Mickey, I'd leave that
to you. *(Sits down)*

And this joy might be mine, life one blissful whirl,
But love's dream's been spoiled by the upstairs
girl.

Let me sleep and forget—sleep, I don't dare;

Whenever I sleep, I get the nightmare.

Then furniture, dishes, and all come to haunt me,
Parlor and kitchen rise up to taunt me.

Meetings they hold and fiercely denounce me;

The rolling pin comes and starts in to trounce me.

The worst part of all, the part I dislike,

The upstairs girl walks off with my Mike.

But sleep I must, kind Providence, pray,

Night mares and night horses, keep out of my way.

(Falls fast asleep and snores, with rolling pin in one hand and plate in the other)

(Enter Furniture and Kitchen Utensils.)

(Performers representing furniture enter from right. Kitchen articles from left. All enter on tip-toe, and surround Bridget and shake fists at her. Parlor clock takes center to the right of Bridget.)

PARLOR CLOCK

Friends of parlor and kitchen, I've just struck.

ROLLING PIN

You're always striking.

PARLOR CLOCK

That's just my luck.

I only struck one, not much, you'll agree.

FRYING PAN

Only struck one, glad that *one* wasn't me.

PLATTER

Into family matters I'd rather not delve,
Glad I wasn't round when you struck twelve.

PARLOR CLOCK

Good friends, this meeting to order I call.

ALL

The clock will preside by vote of us all.

PARLOR CLOCK

Friends, I thank you for the honor conferred,
You've made me chairman, and I give my word,
To do my best in this hour bewitchin',
To uphold the dignity of parlor and kitchen.

MORRIS CHAIR

Dignity! Kitchen! what rot!

FRYING PAN

That's a snub;

If shy on dignity, we've got the grub.
For style the parlor I know can't be beat.

KNIFE

What good is style, when you've nothing to eat.

PARLOR CLOCK

Order, dear friends, pray, let silence reign.

MORRIS CHAIR

Friends!

PARLOR CLOCK

Morris be silent.

MORRIS CHAIR

Sat on again.

ALL

Respect the chair's orders, or business you'll
block.

MORRIS CHAIR (pointing at clock)

Fudge! he's not a chair, he's only a clock.

PARLOR CLOCK

We've met here, dear friends, to-night to protest
At the way that we're treated; I'm much dis-
tressed

At the villainous way the hired girl behaves.

*(Bridget snorts and squirms uneasily
in her chair)*

She treats us as though we were nothing but
slaves.

All the year round I keep ticking away,

No rest for me; do you call that fair play?

LOUNGE

Go on strike.

PARLOR CLOCK

I do every hour, day and night.

MORRIS CHAIR

If I'd your hands, I'd put up a stiff fight.

PARLOR CLOCK

Two hands I have, and they add to my charms,
But what use are hands without any arms?

LAMP

Quit working at once, the time business drop.

MORRIS CHAIR

When he gets wound up, he simply can't stop,

PARLOR CLOCK

Rolling Pin, please, strict order maintain.

ROLLING PIN

Morris, I'll swat you.

MORRIS CHAIR

Sat on again.

PARLOR CLOCK

But what breaks my heart and makes me aghast,
The folks in the house declare that I'm fast.

This fact to the world I proudly proclaim:
My morals are perfect.

ALL

It's a shame, shame, shame.

PARLOR CLOCK

To be accused thus, now, honest, I won't;
The stove goes out nights, but believe me I don't.
I stay on the mantelpiece, good as can be.

STOVE

What's that, Mr. Clock, you said about me?
Attacking my character. It's a disgrace.
Retract, Mr. Clock, or I'll alter your face.

(Puts up hands in fighting attitude)

ALL

Order, pray, order; such talk is a sin.

KETTLE

Just like the Clock he's bound to chime in.
If your feelings are hurt, Friend Stove, I rise,
And here before all I apologize.

PIANO

Cease this discussion, it makes me unstrung.

PICTURE

Friends, let's have peace.

MORRIS CHAIR

Its time you were hung.

PICTURE

Hung! I'm hung all my life to a miserable wall.

MORRIS CHAIR

Well, keep hanging on, and mind you don't fall.

PARLOR CLOCK (*To Morris Chair*)

From these rude remarks I wish you'd refrain.

ROLLING PIN

Morris, behave.

MORRIS CHAIR

Pshaw! sat on again.

PARLOR CLOCK

One grievance, and then, dear friends, I will quit;
Though I go day and night, I don't move a bit,
I've hands and a face, but misery's dregs
I've drained to the depths, because I've no legs.
The meanest injustice that's under the sun,
They give me no legs, yet insist that I run.
The chairs, the lounge with exquisite gall,
Have four legs apiece, and don't move at all.
Excuse me, dear friends, while these tears I shed.

(*Weeps*)

MORRIS CHAIR

Don't mind the clock, he's got wheels in his head.

FRYING PAN

To insult the clock's a shame and disgrace.

MORRIS CHAIR

I tell you all straight I don't like the clock's face.

ALL

Shame, Morris Chair, your talk is too free.

MORRIS CHAIR

That's always the case, they all *sit on me*.

PARLOR CLOCK

One second, dear friends, and then I'll be through
I've a grievance that makes me so terribly blue.
A rag, Bridget digs each morn from its place,
And rubs that old rag all over my face,
And every eighth day she gets an old key,
And jabs that iron weapon clean into me.
Right in my "innards" the mis'erable sinner
Hurt—I should guess, I can't keep down my
dinner.

ALL

The practice is cruel, wicked, unlawful.

PARLOR CLOCK

It gives me "dyspepsee," too, something awful.

The cause of my torture lies there a snoring.

ALL

Our troubles and woes idly ignoring.

PARLOR CLOCK

Bridget let's censure by unanimous vote,

The wickedest human on land or afloat.

ALL (*surround Bridget threateningly, shaking their fists at her*)

From the face of nature let Bridget be cleaned,

Bridget the monster, the terror, the fiend.

(*Resume original positions*)

PARLOR CLOCK

The piano now will the meeting address.

PIANO

I'm known to you all, dear friends, and I guess,

Of the parlor I am the monarch and king.

MORRIS CHAIR

You're stuck on yourself, you noisy old thing.

PIANO

To needless discussion, pray let's have a truce,

Music, not noise, sir, is what I produce.

I'm upright and tony, and give myself airs,

Superior far, to mere tables and chairs.

While kitchen utensils must toil all the day,

And furniture likewise, I do naught but play.

TABLE

Play in the parlor at once should be barred,

If he wants to play let him play in the yard.

FOLDING BED

This play, play, play simply gives me a pain.

FRYING PAN

Silence, there, folding bed.

FOLDING BED

I'm shut up again.

PIANO

In my interior melody lingers
 Harmony springs from a lady's fair fingers,
 My action is perfect and so is my tone,
 My polish is French, I come from a zone,
 Or rather a realm, the royal realm of Art.

MORRIS CHAIR (*Contemptuously*)

I saw that piano yanked out of a cart.
 And *he's* no cause to put on any airs.
 Took six men to boost the piano upstairs.
 And the way that he wobbled, 'twas last October,
 It didn't strike me as though he was sober.
 His royal realm of art I'll permit you to scan,
 Furniture wagon, and an instalment man.
 Art and polish, what presumption, what cheek,
 You can buy *him* for a dollar a week.
 And to prove his principles are not right
 He puts his old dark-keys above the white.

PARLOR CLOCK

Order, order, from abuse please refrain,

ROLLING PIN

Morris, be silent.

MORRIS CHAIR

Sat on again.

PIANO

A few more remarks, and then I will close,
 I have my troubles, they're fierce goodness knows.
 Bridget, the hired girl, in manner unlawful,
 Hammers my keys, and sings simply awful.
 All rules of music religiously scorning,
 She plays: "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning,"
 Uses both fists, she takes all the medals,
 Beats time too with both feet on the pedals.
 Bridget the hired girl's a fraud and a meddler,

MORRIS CHAIR

By the way she plays, I guess she's a *peddler*.

PARLOR CLOCK

Let's all in chorus the hired girl denounce.

(All gather round Bridget threateningly)

Wretch! Villain! Monster! Fiend! you'll get the bounce.

(Bridget groans and wiggles in chair)

PARLOR CLOCK

On the mirror now for a speech I call.

MIRROR

For your kindness, thanks, dear friends, one and all.

Troubles I have beyond your conception,
Studious I am and giv'n to *reflection*.
I've no legs or arms, locomotion's denied,
And so to a shelf all my life I am tied.
And what makes my life full of grim misery,
Not a soul in the house but stares straight at me.

MORRIS CHAIR

What! stare at a homely old guy like you?

MIRROR

Withhold your remarks, sir, until I am through.
It upsets me quite to be stared at so,
But what strikes me as the cruelest blow,
That hired girl, Bridget, each morning at six,
Her wretched nose up against me sticks.
I try hard to run and 'phone the police,
But I'm helplessly nailed to that old mantel-
piece,

While Bridget before me squirms and grimaces,
Making all sorts of hideous faces,
"When it comes to beauty," she'll say joyfully,
"There ain't no flies p'rambulating on me."
Then off she trips with this sarcastic fling,
"Oh, ain't the mirror a 'gilty' old thing."
O'er her your hands in anathema stretch.

ALL

(Surround Bridget threateningly)

Bridget, the villain, the monster, the wretch.

MORRIS CHAIR

Bridget is right, and though blood may be spilt,
I contend that the mirror shows plainly its *gilt*.

MIRROR

This insult, sir, I just won't abide it.

MORRIS CHAIR

Your gilt all can see, and you cannot hide it.

LAMP

Good, Morris Chair, that's a capital joke.
If no one objects, say, I'll take a smoke.

PARLOR CLOCK

No smoking allowed, or there will be vi'lence.

LAMP

I won't smoke *aloud*, I'll just smoke in silence.

STOVE

As a smoker, you're an inferior type,
He smokes an old chimney, I smoke a pipe.

KETTLE

This trivial jesting just makes me boil,
The lamp is in league with the Standard Oil.

LAMP

Friends, I resent this most insolent fling.

MORRIS CHAIR

He's full of wicks, he's a wicked old thing.

LAMP

Well, I could throw light on the subject in hand.

ROLLING PIN

Yes, Oil Trust light, we all understand.

PARLOR CLOCK

Oh, come, Mr. Stove, now this riot is through;
We'd like to have some remarks, sir, from you.

STOVE

I won't say much, but bet every dollar,
I'm red hot and mad right under the collar.
I'm a hot proposition, real warm babee.

MORRIS CHAIR

That's why you go out at nights, too, maybe.
I heard Bridget say that you *sparked* all the time.

POTATO MASHER

Like me, he's a masher, I'll bet every dime.

STOVE

For that rude remark you need a good thrashing.
I'm constantly ashing, but never mashing.
And if I did mash, well, just bet your gaiters,
I wouldn't waste time a-mashing potatoes.

(All laugh)

POTATO MASHER

Missus oft raises me up in her hand,
And then on the head of Bridget I land.
On occasions like that by hook or by crook,
I don't mash potatoes, I mash the cook.

PARLOR CLOCK

Keep order, Rolling Pin, order restore.
Proceed, Mr. Stove, interruptions ignore.

STOVE

My grievance is this, on my system it jars,
I have to smoke coal, while preferring cigars.
And though doing my best (and this makes me
tired),
Every day of my life by Bridget I'm fired.
I rise in rebellion, my soul is aflame.

PARLOR CLOCK

Let's all censure Bridget.

ALL

Shame, monster, shame.

*(Characters gather round Bridget,
and raise hands in imprecation, and
then resume positions as before)*

MORRIS CHAIR

I move that the lounge doth now set-tea

LOUNGE

Don't work that old chestnut, sir, off on me,
Set-tea: that remark stabs me like a knife,
I've had to set-tea all the days of my life.
This settee business fills me full of dread.

MORRIS CHAIR

If you won't set tea, set coffee instead.

PARLOR CLOCK

The Lounge will favor us now with a speech.

LOUNGE

Now I don't want to scold, and I don't want to preach,

But honest, my life is plumb full of woes,
Listening to folks who come here to propose.
And listen I must, for immediately
The old folks retire, they all squat on me,
And do their love making; each word I can hear,
And honest it makes my insides feel so queer.
It's "darling" and "dovey" and "sweet popsy
woo,"

"Honey" and "precious," and "'oo's baby is 'oo?"
And Bridget, at intervals, sneaks in the cop,
And down upon me those common folks flop,
The way that they spoon is sickening to see,
And Bridget she kisses him right before me.
I cannot set tea or set coffee to-day,
I'll just have to lounge in my usual way,
And bid you to join me in this imprecation.

ALL (*approaching Bridget threateningly*)

Bridget, fiend, pest, disgrace to the nation.

PARLOR CLOCK

I call on the carpet its sorrows to tell,

CARPET

Such sorrows as mine, naught but death can dispel,

The chair complains that it's sat on, but see,
The folks in the house wipe their feet upon me.
I'm trod on and helpless, nailed to the floor,
But what makes me furious, what makes me sore,
I'm thrifty and save all the dust that I can,
But Bridget, the wretch, twice yearly will plan
To steal my wealth, of my precious dust cheat me,
Hangs me 'cross a line, to death almost beats me.
Bridget's out for the dust.

MORRIS CHAIR

And she gets it, all right.

CARPET

I'm beaten and robbed, in a terrible plight.
Thus am I treated, one thought must console,
I'm the one thing on earth that comes next to
man's *sole*.

Friends, join with me, and from earth let us
thrust

The hired girl who beats me, and steals all my
dust.

ALL (*approaching Bridget threateningly*)

From the face of creation may Bridget be cleaned,
Villain, wretch, monster, lobster, and fiend.

MORRIS CHAIR

Can I tell my woes, my troubles reveal?

PARLOR CLOCK

'Tis useless for you to make any appeal.

You've arms and you've legs, you get pity from
none;

If you don't like your job, just fight, sir, or run.

Folding Bed, please, now from you let us hear.

FOLDING BED

Pardon, while I from my eyes wipe a tear;

You will ask why these tears are running so free,

'Tis because the folks all *lie about me*,

It gets on my nerves to have people lying

On me day and night, now, honest, it's trying.

And when I complain, to fill sorrow's cup,

Contemptible Bridget, she *shuts me right up*.

Her neck with a rope I'd just like to stretch.

ALL (*approaching Bridget threateningly*)

Bridget, villain, contemptible wretch.

PARLOR CLOCK

Our friends of the kitchen will speechify next.

Mr. Frying Pan, please.

FRYING PAN

My, but I'm vexed!

You talk of your troubles, you talk of your woes,
 But wait for a moment till mine I disclose.
 Bridget, the villain, she ought to be shot;
 She stands me all day on a range that's red hot,
 My shrill cries for mercy that wretched girl
 spurns,
 My poor skin she blisters with hideous burns,
 And just as I start in to call the police
 She fills me chock full of horrible grease.
 To have one's inside loaded up with hot fat—

ALL

'Tis a monstrous outrage! Bridget! Fiend! Cat!
 *(The last three words are spoken as
 characters surround Bridget)*

PLATTER

I guess that I can address the meeting,
 My life is short and time is fleeting.
 I'm only a dish, a poor, humble platter,
 And into fragments I shortly shall scatter.

STOVE

Don't let the dish talk, he's only a whiner.

MORRIS CHAIR

He's not a dish, he's a butt-in from China.

PLATTER

Down on the floor the hired girl she sticks me,
 And then the house cat, she comes and licks me,
 Though smothered in grease and ill-smelling fat,
 The washing I get is all done by the cat.
 And after I'm licked, my brief life it ceases,
 I'm smashed by Bridget in ten million pieces.
 I call on you, friends, to once more imprecate.

ALL *(approaching Bridget threateningly)*

Bridget, the monster, the tyrant we hate.

KETTLE

I guess that it's time that I did some shouting.
 My oratory's fine, 'cause I'm used to *spouting*;
 Boss of the kitchen by all I am deemed,
 Chock full of steam, that's why I'm esteemed,

And what makes me mad, what makes me boiling,
After all day on the range I've been toiling,
I start to sing, and sing fine, let me mention,
But Bridget she pays not the slightest attention.
And when I am singing like some candy kid,
Bridget she butts in and knocks off my lid.
That makes me mad, and my temper it spoils,
Then over I boil.

MORRIS CHAIR

You're chock full of *boils*.

PARLOR CLOCK

Friend Kettle, your woes set our hearts all aflame.

ALL (*surrounding Bridget threateningly*)

Bridget, the villain, shame on you, shame.

POTATO MASHER

May I say a word?

PARLOR CLOCK

'Tater masher, stand clear.

ALL

We want no mashers, or dudes around here.

KNIFE

My indignation I'd like to uncork,
I speak for myself and my wife, Mrs. Fork.
I feel quite on *edge*, don't think me a butt-in,
But my remarks will sharp be and *cuttin'*.
When Bridget eats, in her mouth I am put,
And every trip I go down quite a foot,
Some day I'll be swallowed.

FORK

I'm grieved terriblee;
Bridget, when eating, makes a toothpick of me.
Our troubles and trials this heart of mine rends;
If things don't improve, we'll *cut* all our friends.

PARLOR CLOCK

Bridget, your conduct deserves condemnation,
You're a disgrace to the whole of creation.

BROOM

In most houses I go, I'm cruelly abused;

I'm rubbed on the floor, but here I'm not used.
 I'm stood 'gainst the wall and feel rather lonely,
 In this house, at least, I'm for ornament only.
 So, Bridget, though others are dying to spank you,
 The broom in this house has reason to thank you.
 For lack of respect, pray, do not accuse me,
 You're too lazy, by far, too dirty to use me.

(*Applause*)

All that you do is to snore and to whistle,
 Mend your ways or you'll bankrupt poor Mister
 Bissell.

LAMP

Friend Mr. Broom, say, your sarcasm's fine,
 Mine's *light labor*, too.

BROOM

Shut up, you're *a shine*.

LAMP

On the subject before us, may I *throw some light*?

MORRIS CHAIR

If you throw things here, there'll soon be a fight.

PARLOR CLOCK

Dear friends, this meeting will now soon adjourn,
 But first, ere it does, I would much like to learn
 What punishment we to the hired girl shall mete?

ALL

Place her 'neath a spell, then adjourn and retreat.

PARLOR CLOCK

On the Queen of bad dreams I solemnly call,
 To place Bridget at once 'neath her terrible thrall.
 (*Nightmare Queen enters right, she
 is dressed in the conventional costume
 of a witch, high conical hat, long black
 cloak; creepy music is played as she
 enters*)

NIGHTMARE QUEEN

Bridget, you hear this terrible sentence;
 Too late 'tis now, cruel wretch, for repentance.
 My sentence is this, and we'll carry it through,

May you be cut into bits and put in a stew ;
May you sit on a hot range, unable to shriek ;
Be fried to a cinder ten days every week.
The biscuits you bake, you mis'erable elf,
May you be compelled to eat them yourself.
The dishes you've broken, their number increases,
Barefooted may you have to walk on the pieces.
No more will the clock strike the hours that are
 sped,
'Twill change things around and strike Bridget
 instead.
Cross a line may you hang, you miserable cheat,
 you,
And the rolling pin will chastise you and beat you.
May each hair you've dropped in the soup,
 wretched sinner,
Be served to you next Sunday for dinner.
When you ride in the cars, may you ne'er get a
 seat ;
May corns big as duck's eggs sprout on your feet.
May you have ninety sweethearts (this ought to
 wilt you)
And every sweetheart scorn you and jilt you.
 you.
May you scrub kitchen floors ninety years without
 pay—
The dust on the floors growing deeper each day.
May each waist you buy split right up the back.
Each time you sit down, may you sit on a tack.
And, to make this curse especially strong,
I hope that the tack may be ninety feet long.
Wherever you go as summer approaches,
May you be followed by millions of roaches.
When salary day comes and payment is due,
May there never be more than three cents for you.
Every time that you try to lie down to sleep
May worms, toads, and lizards all over you creep.
May tarantulas sit on the lids of your eyes,

And fill your mouth full of spiders and flies.
 May elephants huge take a seat on your chest;
 Night mares and night horses your slumbers molest.

May rattlesnakes make their nest in your ears,
 And prod your insides with long poisoned spears.
 But worst of all (at your heart this will strike),
 You shall watch Bedelia elope with your Mike.

ALL

Oh, that will be grand, let us see the fun, do.

NIGHTMARE QUEEN

You can see *them* but they cannot see *you*.

A wave of my wand, I bid them appear.

Maloney, Bedelia. Ah, see, they are here.

(Enter Mike Maloney and Bedelia, arm in arm left. Both deeply interested in each other. They pause left of center)

MIKE

Delia, darlint, you know that I love you,
 Into an auto I just want to shove you,
 And run you to church. I do, 'pon my life,
 Just yearn to make you my own darlint wife.

BEDELIA

Mickey, my darlint, your words they just thrill
 me,

If poor Bridget knew, I know she would kill me.

MIKE

Don't speak to me please, of that ignorant cratur.

BEDELIA

What! don't you love Bridget?

MIKE

Begobs, no; I hate her.

We flirted a bit at various stages,
 The poor foolish goat gave me half her wages.
 With money I got from the ignorant thing
 I bought you this elegant gold wedding ring.

(Bridget screams, makes desperate ef-

fort to rise, and falls back in chair, snorting and groaning vigorously. Her eyes remain closed)

BEDELIA

What's that I hear? Sure, somebody's screaming.

NIGHTMARE QUEEN

'Tis only the hired girl, Bridget, a-dreaming.

Now for revenge, put the ring on her finger.

(Points to Bedelia)

MIKE

Darlint, my wife.

NIGHTMARE QUEEN

Go, no more need you linger.

(Waving wand)

Vanish, friends, all, and I'll wake up this fidget.

ALL *(gradually backing off stage)*

Good-by and bad luck to you, Bridget, Bridget.

(They scream the last two words, Bridget!)

(Furniture exits right, kitchen utensils left, shaking fists. Nightmare Queen exits with furniture)

(Bridget awakens gradually; writhes as though struggling to throw off the effects of her terrible dream. Blinks her eyes, and gasps for breath as though choking)

BRIDGET

I'm choking, choking, if I only could scream.

Oh, that horrible, terrible, wicked old dream!

(Screams and drops plate and rolling pin; plate smashes. Mrs. Slave Driver, Bridget's mistress, enters left)

MRS. SLAVE DRIVER

Bridget O'Hooligan, say, what does this mean?

Why are you making this riotous scene?

Carrying on in this terrible way;

That's the ninety-first platter you've smashed to-day!

BRIDGET

You stand there and ask me what does this mean,
I've had the night horses ; oh, the things that I've
seen !

Great big elephants sat right on my chest,
And in each of my ears was a rattlesnake's nest.
Then a wicked old witch, she cursed me, oh, my !
And pink-tailed monkeys ran spears in each eye.
I had a rhinocerus jump on my back,
And I sat all day on a ten-inch tack ;
And the clock and the furniture all went on a
strike ;

And Delia, the villain, eloped with my Mike.

(Weeps)

MRS. SLAVE DRIVER

Serves you just right, you should keep wide
awake,

Quit slothful dreaming, you deserve a good shake.
Burglars have burgled the house while you slept ;
The cat likewise to the icebox has crept,
And has eaten the steak I ordered for dinner.

You need a good thrashing *(To audience)*

I'd just like to skin her.

Of your mean, wretched ways I'm sick and I'm
tired.

Your trunk pack and go ; understand Miss, you're
fired.

BRIDGET

Fired, oh, dear ! I'm clean hoodooed to-day.

MRS. SLAVE DRIVER

Pack your trunk, Miss, at once ; and here's your
month's pay.

*(Hands Bridget money. Bridget stag-
gers and gasps)*

BRIDGET

What ! only ten cents !

MRS. SLAVE DRIVER

Yes, you ought to be thrashed.

"Fifteen-ninety's" deducted for plates that you've smashed.

Now, pack your trunk, quick, your engagement is through,

I've had all the sauce that I want from you.

(Exits left. Bridget sinks into chair by table)

BRIDGET

Honest, now honest, ain't that just a crime?

Turned out in the world with only a dime *(Cries)*

And then the mean thing says I ought to be thrashed.

What's china for, if it ain't to be smashed?

Oh, Mickey; what made you behave to me so?

Heart-broken, penniless, nowhere to go.

Oh, world, cruel world, my grief is intense;

Turned out on the streets and with only ten cents.

(Buries her head in hands and sobs loudly)

(Enter Mike Maloney left. Goes to table center, and leans over Bridget; caresses her hair)

MIKE

Bridget!

BRIDGET *(rising and indignantly pushing him from her)*

Cruel wretch, do not dare to come near.

MIKE

Why, what is the matter, sweet Bridget, my dear?

Tell me what ails you, is there no relief?

BRIDGET

Monster, don't come here to scoff at my grief.

Begone, false deceiver, go home to your wife.

MIKE

You're clean off your base, you are, 'pon my life.

BRIDGET

You married Bedelia, and think that is funny,

And you bought the ring, you scamp, with my money,

MIKE

Here's the ring, now, and this ring you must wear it. *(Producing ring)*

BRIDGET *(astonished)*

You're really not married?

MIKE

Honest, I swear it.

BRIDGET

But I saw you married.

MIKE

You're crazy, you're dreaming.

BRIDGET *(after a pause, as though in deep thought)*

The truth on my mind now slowly is gleaming.

But you flirted with Delia.

MIKE

I like your gall.

Cops never flirt, darlint; you're jealous, that's all.

Now, pack up your trunk, the minister's waiting,

And off to the church we'll quickly be skating.

BRIDGET

But the night mares and night horses?

MIKE

Leave them to hub.

If night mares chase you, they'll get soaked with a club. *(Shakes club)*

BRIDGET

Will you get a divorce if I smash dishes, Mike?

MIKE

I've bought dishes of iron, smash them if you like.

BRIDGET

If roaches appear, will you scold me and wail?

MIKE

I'll arrest them, begobs, and put 'em in jail.

BRIDGET

But I've only ten cents.

MIKE

Don't mind that, honey ;
I'm raised to a sergeant ; I've lots of money.

BRIDGET

So the clouds have all vanished, smiles followed
tears.

*(Clock, furniture, and kitchen utensils
enter as before)*

PARLOR CLOCK

Bridget, we've come here to give you three cheers,
The past we'll forget, forgiveness is holy ;
Accept the blessings of the furniture lowly.

ALL

Three cheers for Bridget, we all wish her bliss.

(All cheer)

MIKE

Thanks to you all, I'll seal that with a kiss.

(Kisses Bridget)

BRIDGET

Thanks, thanks to you all, my love you shall share,
For good fortune has come from "Bridget's
Nightmare."

(Picture—Curtain)

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